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objective character. He thereby removed many false notions of socialism which up to that time were current in popular, and even in scientific, literature. Karl Höchberg, the son of a Frankfort banker, bought ten thousand copies of this book and distributed them among prominent persons—scholars, civic officials, great manufacturers, and others—in order to acquaint them with a just account of socialistic arguments.

"The last publications of Schäffle were devoted to the conflict between the Agrarians and the Protectionists. His monographs, *Ein Votum gegen den neuesten Zolltarif* and *Die agrarische Gefahr*, belong among the ablest attempts to deal with the tariff question. It is difficult to classify Schäffle's position in the science of political economy. He does not belong to either of the existing schools. He has always maintained an independent attitude. Even among those who differ sharply with his opinions it has always been admitted that his writings were in many ways instructive and stimulating."

It should be added that the prevailing fashion of abusing those sociologists who have made much of biological analogies, or even of the "organic concept," betrays a state of mind which resembles nothing so much as a child's fear of the dark. Schäffle contributed the most dignified, the most elaborate, and the most permanently useful interpretation of social functions that we have in terms of physiological analogy. The abuse and ridicule heaped upon his work have always gauged more accurately the dulness of his critics' perceptions than any real fault in his rendering. There will always be room for difference of opinion about the expediency of using biological figures in explaining social phenomena. There has never been the slightest real justification for forcing into Schäffle's terms the fantastic and misleading meanings which the atrophied imagination of overzealous literalists has encountered in them. It was not Schäffle, but his readers, who turned illustrative forms of expression into perversions of reality. There have been indications for several years that his real services to social science are presently to receive proper recognition.

ALBION W. SMALL.

SPENCER, THE MAN.¹

OF Spencer the dictum that "a man's life is his work" was singularly true. He perforce lived apart; he never courted publicity. Without an effort to parade his personality, he waited twenty years for

¹ Abstract of an address at the Spencer Memorial Meeting, University of Chicago, January 7, 1904.

his books to pay their bills. The articles which have appeared since his death afford meager details of his private life. His will gives vague glimpses of an intimate sort. The autobiography is eagerly awaited.

Spencer's personality discloses a significant dualism. In certain traits—*e. g.*, persistence and independence—almost typically British, he was in the main detached and isolated from the fundamental national life. Born in a dissenting family, but never sensitive to religious feeling; influenced, but not made zealous, by the political radicalism of father and uncle; tutored privately outside school and University; early thinking for himself about scientific and political problems, Spencer was relatively untouched by those great conventionalizing forces, the class system, the established church, the universities, and political parties.

The unconventionality of Spencer's early education, his freely gratified interest in nature, his training and experience as a civil engineer, his political and economic speculations, his brief editorial career, his unrestrained reading and private study, all conspired to give his genius diversified and flexible means of growth and expression. He had inventive powers of no mean order, as his railway velocimeter and scheme of composite photography testify. His use of systematized information and his habit of cumulative illustration display his vast resources both of private study and of organized investigation. His reading was, however, almost wholly within the limits of his philosophical field. He read Shakespeare with pleasure, but he had little patience with fiction, especially that of the analytical type. He even spoke slightly of the work of his early friend George Eliot, to whom he is rumored to have first suggested this form of writing.

Spencer is described by a friend as having a "tyrannical conscience." He once spent a whole day in seeing justice done a passenger from whom an omnibus conductor demanded a fare which had already been paid. In Montreal, when it was proposed to drive past the new palace of a man who had made a fortune by notoriously disreputable means, Spencer not only refused to go, but on the spot he dilated upon the disastrous consequences of showing honor to such a person. In his intense political individualism Spencer stood like a rock against every form of collective encroachment, and, in spite of all traditions of loyalty and patriotism, he mercilessly exposed the blunders and inefficiency of government in general, and of the British government in particular. In time of war Spencer stood boldly and

unflinching for peace, and he persistently exalted industrialism over a military régime. There was never a doubt as to his position on questions of public policy.

Spencer never had a wide circle of personal friends. His enforced retirement made general social intercourse impossible. His tender regard for his mother found expression to the end of her life; Lewes and George Eliot counted him a delightful companion; with Huxley he maintained a lifelong relation of friendliness and mutual esteem; to Dr. Youmans—his American apostle—Spencer wrote many letters of affectionate regard and, in time of illness, of solicitude and good cheer. With a small circle Spencer was on terms of intimacy. His frail health made him sparing of his energy, which was easily overtaxed by social intercourse. He would frequently lie down in the company of his friends, and a stranger was often disconcerted when Spencer covered his ears with a pair of black velvet muffs which he had invented to protect himself from too much chatter. Spencer seemed a little distant and formal with strangers, but was kindly and humorous with his friends. The assertion that he “talked like a book” is warmly denied by those who knew him intimately. They affirm that he was modest, considerate, and not at all prone either to carry things with a high hand or to assume a didactic manner. Spencer was fond of “fives”—which he played now and then with Huxley—and of billiards, to which at one time he devoted himself with much ardor. Through the eyes of rather secretive friends we get a glimpse of a sympathetic, humorous, alert, and quite human gentleman behind the synthetic philosopher.

But above mental, ethical, and social traits rises the idealism of the man. His body weakened by undue application to his tasks, his working day often cut down by illness to less than half an hour, his means of support precarious and scanty, his books selling slowly copy by copy, his followers pitifully few, Spencer worked on for more than a third of a century. Others have endured for wealth and fame, but here was a man who had marked out for himself an ideal task, an intellectual labor. He aimed at nothing less than the unifying of all knowledge, and toward this end through sickness and poverty he fought his way. What though his work disintegrate with time? The story of his ideal and his struggle will endure, an epic of the human mind.

GEORGE E. VINCENT.